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THE WAYS OF LIFE.

The Union—The Divorce—The Reunion.

CAST.

ANSEL VAN PERSON.
AGNES BLOODGOOD (later, Mrs. Van Person).
ELIZA (housekeeper).
General VAN POOLE.
PENELOPE SULLVAN.
FITZGERALD.
Professor HOX.
Doctor O'KEE.
JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT (inventor).
POLICE.
VOICE.

SCENE: In the Bloodgood mansion.

VOICE. The day enters very pleasant,
The forenoon shall be cloudy and damp.
There comes a storm
And all is forlorn;
Without reason
Darkness reigneth for a season,
Then all again is bright,
And happiness lasts way into th night.
Ansel shall pass under the rod
Thus like Job, he shall prove elf to God.

Enter Agnes and Mr. Van Perso

AGNES. Mr. Van Person, I am glad t you called. I am glad that we met so pleasantly on the cars. To ride half a day or more, and to have no reading matter with which to entertain yourself, the hours seem long. I was glad that you had those illustrated papers. I did think of buying some of the newsboy if he came around, but as he did not appear until you had left the car, evidently gone to the smoker, and I was absorbed in your papers, I did not buy of him.

May 4, 1906
CLASS XXc. No.
8588
COPY B.

I was very bold, I will admit, but after looking at your papers (you dropped them on the floor, and they were then as near my seat as yours) you came in and caught me. I felt guilty and small. I never did such an act before in my life. I don't know what prompted me.

VAN PERSON. The old Calvinist would say that it was all foreordained; that some good angel led us on until he brought us together. I don't care to read much while traveling. I always get about a half a dozen illustrated papers; pictures do not tire. At intervals I look out on the passing panorama; once in awhile you see a lovely picture or something unique; but it is most provoking when you are intent on looking at something to have a long freight train come along and interrupt your view.

AGNES. You may remember that after awhile I took the vacant chair on the other side, away from the other track?

VAN PERSON. Yes, I saw you move away from me, and I wondered why, but I noticed when afternoon came and the sun was hot on that side, you were glad to get back to your own seat.

AGNES. It wasn't so much the sun as it was that repulsive man who came in at Boltonville. He smelled of whiskey and onions, a combination that may be pleasant to some, but it was exceedingly repulsive to me.

VAN PERSON. I, too, saw him, for I met him in the smoker, and he was smoking a most vile cigar—two for five, I should think—yet he was well dressed, even supporting a fine diamond ring, fine gold watch and chain—chain a little "loud" perhaps. I always carry with me a menthol tube. [Shows it.] When I meet a person with a vile breath I take out this tube and apply it to my nose, thus——

AGNES. When I come in contact with that sort of breath from a low person I am not surprised, but when the person, by his or her look indicates refinement, I am surprised. I want to advise them to consult a doctor.

VAN PERSON. Yes, they should; but they seldom, if ever, realize it, and there don't seem to be many who have the audacity to tell them.

AGNES. That is true; but I enjoyed your papers. I liked the pictures, and I didn't overlook the jokes. Where all the jokes come from is a mystery to me. There was the man who went to heaven. He said to St. Peter, "I would have you understand that I am a self-made man." "If that is so?" said St. Peter. "This is not the place you are looking for; what you want is a home-made heaven." Then there was the joke about the old man and the son. It seems that both died at the same time. When they reached the stairs leading to higher regions they were each given a piece of chalk, and told to write upon each stair as they ascended some sin that they had committed in life. This was a difficult thing for the son to do, so his progress up the golden stairs was slow. Not so with the old man.

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He went up with considerable speed. After awhile the son saw the old man coming down. "Pa, where are you going?" "I am going down for more chalk."

VAN PERSON. Did you see that story about Jedediah's scheme?

AGNES. No; just then you came in and caught me. I felt a little cheap. What was it?

VAN PERSON. Jedediah owned a small rocky farm, and yet he was very flush with money. People were surprised, and for some time wondered how he suddenly became so well off. Jedediah's house was located where there was a slight bend in the road, where he could see persons and teams two or three miles off. He had an old cart that was not worth more than ten dollars, and a lot of spare wheels.

AGNES. For what purpose did he want a lot of spare wheels?

VAN PERSON. You will soon see. He had his cart well loaded with stones. Opposite to his gate he put a large stone, in order to make the passage narrow. When he saw an automobile he ran his cart out on the road; that is, if he had time. Sometimes the autos were too quick for him, but he caught some of them. They would run into his cart, break a wheel, perhaps two wheels. Then there would be some tall swearing, and he'd demand ten or fifteen dollars' damages, and he generally got it. Sometimes there was a compromise. If he got no more than ten dollars apiece, it paid him; he often made forty or fifty dollars a day; never less than twenty. I tell you Jedediah's scheme was great. No wonder he made mouey. He is a genius! After one smashup he'd repair his old cart, and be ready for the next one. So you see why he kept on hand a number of spare wheels.

AGNES. Do you think there was ever a Jedediah?

VAN PERSON. No, but these comic papers must have something to fill up, so they pay well for such contributions. While no one believes these stories, all who read them laugh at them; and on the train, where people do not care for heavy reading, they read such. There is the joke about the man who one day said to his wife, "Some men like to stare at women." His wife replied, "There is one place and occasion where they do not look at women." "Where and when is that?" "In the street car," replied the wife, "when the man is sitting and the woman standing." Such meetings as ours come to many seldom more than once in a lifetime, Miss Bloodgood. Our meeting, on my side at least, was a case of love at first sight.

AGNES (provokingly). And whom did you love?

VAN PERSON. You, of course. I now make my formal announcement. I love you Agnes—Miss Bloodgood! I am like the man in that other joke.

AGNES. What is that?

VAN PERSON. Miss Varley says to her friend, Mr. Dudley, "The

first time Mr. Turnbull met me he took me for a Vassar girl." Mr. Dudley: "I should not take you for a Vassar girl." She: "What would you take me for?" Mr. D.: "For better or worse"—and the proposal was out.

AGNES. So you propose to me? You are certainly ingenious. But don't you think that it is rather premature on your part to propose on so short an acquaintance? We haven't known each other a month yet, and this is only our second meeting. You don't know much about me, and I know as little about you.

VAN PERSON. What you say is true. But I love you and even before we proceed further I want to know my fate. It will be easier to be refused now then say six months from now. I can stand a refusal now better than later on.

AGNES. But suppose I should say yes. Are you in condition to accept me, and provide for me such a home as I have been used to?

VAN PERSON. I'll admit that I could not support this house, or one like it, but if you'll be content to come to my house, I'll warrant that it is as good as most of the rich people started with. If you'll come with me, I'll make the home as pleasant for you as possible.

AGNES. But I shall do no such thing. Love in a cottage may be all right for those who have never had any thing larger and better, but I do not propose to live in a cottage, unless it be for a short time in a cottage by the sea.

VAN PERSON. There I have you, for my cottage is near the sea.

AGNES. Where is it?

VAN PERSON. It is about five miles from the village of Sageville, and I am within a mile of the sea; ground slightly rising. You can hear the billows all the time.

AGNES. Not in a calm?

VAN PERSON. Yes; at one point there is a bed of pebbles. The water rushes among them and breaks upon the beach, no matter which way is the wind, calm or storm. The ocean is restless. Off to the right the beach is fine for bathing. So, you see, I have you.

AGNES. In your mind's eye! Would you expect me to stay there the whole year round?

VAN PERSON. No; you could come to the city in winters. We'll establish the firm of Van Person and Bloodgood. Van Person will entertain Bloodgood during the warmer months, and Bloodgood will entertain Van Person during the cooler months.

AGNES. But I would not think of staying there over three months in the year. You keep me three months; I keep you nine months; nothing equitable in that.

VAN PERSON. You can go to the city, and I'll visit you occasionally. When I have business in town I'll look in on you.

AGNES. By the way, what is your business? I never thought to ask.

VAN PERSON. I suppose some folks might call me a drummer. But I am the junior member of the firm of Birch, Bark & Company, who manufacture all sorts of furniture. Once in a while, for recreation, I take trips and act as drummer. Do you want any furniture? I shall be pleased to unite business with pleasure.

AGNES. That accounts for it. Drummers are not a bashful set.

VAN PERSON. But we, that is, you and I, don't get anywhere. Now, be so kind as to say yes or no.

AGNES. Suppose I say no.

VAN PERSON. [Aside: I know that she would not mean it; she's only playing with me.] I'd much rather you say yes.

AGNES. Well, seeing that you are so persistent. [Aside: With me, too, it was love at first sight.] There is so much of the drummer nature in you, I'll say yes, just to see how it shall affect you.

VAN PERSON. I am delighted with the order. You think me bold—drummerlike—but drummer or no drummer, had you not been kind to me, I should never have had the audacity to make the slightest advancement towards you.

General Van Poole *and* Miss Sullvan *are announced and enter.*

AGNES. Glad that you have called. And you, too, Miss Sullvan. General, do you remember when we first saw each other on the cars, coming from Westport?

Gen. VAN POOLE. Yes, I remember your face. though I should not had you not called my attention to it. Then the gentleman opposite was aboard the train. I did not know that you were in company, though. [Aside: Confound the fellow! Who is he? He appears to be quite at home here. I was in hopes of getting ahead of him or any other man. But he'll find me a suitor worthy of his skill. He looks verdant. To Agnes:] I brought with me your old friend, Miss Sullvan. She is to remain in the city for some time, and I would like you to show her about—to the gallery, museum, etc., but don't forget the stores. She may want to do some shopping.

AGNES. Certainly. Miss Sullvan, I shall be happy to entertain you. We'll let the General entertain himself. Perhaps he'd prefer the club to our company.

Gen. VAN POOLE. [Aside: I'd prefer to be alone with Miss Bloodgood. If this country gentleman is trying any of his games upon her, I can best him. I'll see what he is made of. To Van Person:] Mr. Van Person, you are a drummer, are you not? In the smoker I heard you talking furniture to one of the passengers.

VAN PERSON. Not exactly, though I do act as such once in a while.

Gen. VAN POOLE. Do you like it?

VAN PERSON. Yes; for diversion. Then I like to come in contact with the world. You meet such queer characters—meet some

jovial fellows and get a yarn or two from them; or perhaps better, rough jokes. That man with whom I was talking told me a good one. In olden times, when they had the old-fashioned ships for war vessels, two Irishmen were on deck one night on watch. It was agreed between them that they'd fire off one of the guns. Pat was to fire and Mike was to stand by the muzzle and catch the ball in a mess kettle. The firing aroused the whole ship; all came on deck. The captain looked around, but nowhere could he see Mike. "Where is Mike?" says he to Pat. "I don't know, your honor, but if he comes back as quick as he went, he'd be here damned quick."

GEN. VAN POOLE. No, I didn't hear it. Then I don't care for stories of any kind. Fondness for them indicates a low mind. [Aside: I guess I hit him then.]

VAN PERSON. Then some of the wisest and best men we ever had were of a low order. There was Governor Vance, of North Carolina; there was Abraham Lincoln, and the smartest men I have met on the road were fine storytellers. There is no smarter business man living than Mr. Coleman, the gentleman with whom I was talking. It was he who told me that story; he was full of them. Then there was one—a short poem, rather than a story—

The poor benighted Hindoo
Does the best he kin do;
He sticks to his caste
From first to last—
For pants he makes his skin do.

Then there was—

The smiling young lady of Niger,
She rode upon the back of a tiger;
At the end of the ride
She rode inside,
And her smile was upon the face of the tiger.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Miss Bloodgood, shall you be in to-morrow? If so, I will bring Miss Sullvan around. Do not spare her; take her to Rounds, Cohen & Co.'s store. Let her see what stores we have here.

AGNES. I should be pleased to have you both come to dinner next Monday, and you, too, Mr. Van Person.

VAN PERSON. I thank you very much, but my business will not permit. I thought possibly I might sell you some furniture, but I'll wait—no hurry. Did you ever hear of the man who was in no hurry to go to his own funeral?

AGNES. No.

VAN PERSON. Well, he died one day. As he was journeying on towards the golden city he met a wily old fellow by the name of Bumsell, who, for a consideration, told him of a side entrance to the

city, and showed him the way. But for this I don't believe he would ever have gotten inside of the enchanted enclosure.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Where is the point to that yarn?

VAN PERSON [Aside: You are that point. To Miss Bloodgood:] Well, Miss Bloodgood, I must go. I have only fifteen minutes to get that next train. Good evening, General, Miss Sullvan and Miss Bloodgood.

[As he goes out, being behind the others, he throws a kiss to Agnes. She smiles and puts her hand to her mouth.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Suppose we take a ride to-morrow. Miss Sullvan and I will be here about half-past ten. How will that suit you?

AGNES. Very well. You haven't any story to tell, have you?

GEN. VAN POOLE. No, I never tell stories, and I have little respect for the storyteller. It does for boys and for such men as have nothing else on hand. But I despise them. I'll relate something I saw—call it a story or not. One day I was on Main street, and there was a horse down. The crowd gathered. One man came, pushing himself into the crowd. "Let me in there; let me see that horse." From his tone all thought him a veterinary surgeon, so they let him pass. When he reached the curb he quietly folded his arms and stood there. Some one ventured to ask him what was the matter with the horse. His reply was, "That's a mighty sick horse; that's a mighty sick horse," and that was all he said. Now, that's true. I heard it myself, on Main street, last June, June the 24th. I remember it, because it was the longest day of the year.

AGNES. Pretty good story. General, I'll be ready. Now, Miss Sullvan, I won't force you to see our whole city in one day; sightseeing is fatiguing. We'll take our time.

GEN. VAN POOLE. [Aside: That shows that I have found favor with her. She knows when she meets a gentleman, and one who is good looking. I don't believe she'd give that country-looking chap such a gentle hint. If she did, he would not be able to take it. To Miss Bloodgood]: I appreciate your delicate invitation; we'll be there. Then I want you to take lunch with us at the Wellington; it is the finest place in the city.

AGNES. That will be pleasant, and it will give Miss Sullvan a chance to see our finest restaurant. But then she may have as fine at home.

MISS SULLVAN. I came here to see something, and I am glad to fall in with those who are able to show me. When I get home I must tell them the story of the young man who came here. His aunt showed him to many people. When he went home he said he saw four hundred of them.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Penelope, I did not know that you could tell stories. We shall have to look out for you, won't we, Miss Bloodgood?

AGNES. I have no objections to stories, such as have been told here by you and Mr. Van Person.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Then we'll call for you at half-past ten. *Au revoir.*

SCENE: FITZGERALD'S *law office.*

VAN PERSON. Fitz, when I am in town I must call on you. A few months ago I met Miss Bloodgood. There seemed to be an affinity between us. One never knows what he can do until he has faced the music. We met—we met—we talked——

FITZGERALD. You hesitate. About what?

VAN PERSON. I told her some stories; I told her that Vassar girl story. She pretended to be so obtuse as not to see it. But I read her. She's a smart woman. She gave me an evasive answer. I hung on, and finally she said "Yes." I would like to have had our interview extended, but the first thing I knew the waiter presented cards, and then in walked a man and woman. I did not like the looks of either. The man seemed to know Miss Bloodgood pretty well. He is the same man I met on the train the day I met Miss Bloodgood. Then he smelled vilely of whiskey, poor cigars and raw onions. But to-day he was as sweet as a rose, dressed in the finest style; some perfume about him, too. I told some stories. He pretended not to like stories.

FITZGERALD. You haven't told me his name, but you describe General Van Poole so well that I know it must be he. By the way, I don't believe that he has any right to the "Van." "Van" is a Dutch prefix to nobility. I think he is at least a cousin to Bill Poole, the pugilist. He looks like him. So you met him at Miss Bloodgood's? I've met him at the Columbus Club and have heard him tell stories there, but such stories neither you nor I would tell, even in a forecastle. They are right down low, showing low associations.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT *enters.*

VAN PERSON. Jed, glad to see you. Fitz's office is a fine meeting room. What's up now?

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. I've got a new invention. Those inventions come; I work them up; then don't know what to do with them. Awhile ago I worked up a flying machine. Knowing from past experience that I could not do anything with it, I wrote it up; sent it to a small country paper. After it was published I had 200 galley proof copies, and distributed them over the county. Last year I saw in the pictorial papers a number of designs essentially like mine, but none of them has as yet adopted my balloon.

VAN PERSON. Is a balloon essential? Birds fly without balloons.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. Not essential, unless we say essential for safety. My balloon is a turtle-shell shape, with the underside

slightly concave, so in descending it will hold the weight better—come down easier. Then I have a rocker machine. A huge, heavy rocker; in the center a long pole extending upwards, whereby I get a good leverage. It takes very little power to work that pole. To the rocker is attached a shaft; on the shaft is a pulley; from this, by a belt, to such small machines as you wish to run. Then this rocker is almost perpetual motion. I have some quicksilver attached. As the rocker goes down, or is just down, it touches a spring, and that sends the quicksilver over the line down to the lowest point. That side of the rocker goes down, when the same thing is repeated.

VAN PERSON. Why don't you get a patent?

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. I've tried. The last my attorney pronounced a good thing, and he is a judge, even an expert, in such things. They kept it a month; then there was some hitch; they wanted to look further; then it was old. It cost me $35; so much thrown away. A few years after that I read in the paper that some John Smith had got the same thing patented, and one of the papers remarked that it was a wonder that it had not been patented before. A friend of mine got up another invention, and it hung in the Patent Office for some time; then was rejected. To his surprise a month or two later he received a letter from a man in Philadelphia offering $10,000 for his rejected patent, or what would have been a patent had he secured it. On investigating the matter he found that the man who made the offer was the very one who rejected it.

VAN PERSON. How's that?

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. The man was then an examiner in the Patent Office. He saw that there was value in the invention, so rejected it. He resigned his position, went to Philadelphia, and very soon sent his offer to my friend. There's lots of sharks hanging about that office. As soon as they discover that a man has an invention they lay for him; that is, if he's some poor fellow. They don't dare to fool with the large men like Edison. I am now working on an ocean steamer, but I do not even dare to put my ideas on a bit of paper in my own house. I tried that once, and the first thing I knew it was published, and even complimented by the editor. Then I have a novel propelling power. I wrote it up under the head of "Little Jakey's Invention," and sent it to the Scientific American. It was not many days before they returned the manuscript.

VAN PERSON. What was it?

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. I didn't claim any great thing on it. It was more of a joke, and so I did not think hard of getting my manuscript back. I proposed to have two keels on a boat; between them have one long propeller; from the shaft, at more or less close intervals, have rods leading to a shaft above. This to have pulleys, whereby electricity shall be generated that shall drive the boat.

VAN PERSON. How are you going to start your boat?

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. Either by sail or a tug. But as soon as the boat gets under way she generates her own power; and more, there is an arrangement for the storage of power to be used when you want to start again. The faster the boat goes, the more the power.

Enters Prof. Hox.

VAN PERSON. Still another! What have you got? You generally have something. Jed has told us what he has.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. Haven't half told; don't propose to; yet a while at least.

Prof. HOX. It is surprising what a cheap reputation these astronomers get on their nonsensical sayings. Let a man only be an astronomer, he can say anything; and the great geologists are about the same. A year or two ago, in the Anthropological Society, they discussed the age of the world. It was anywhere from 25,000 years to 100,000, and some even go into the millions. In a million or two of years there will be no Niagara Falls; there will be mere rapids. What's all this amount to? Who cares whether the world is 6,000 or 6,000,000 years old? The men who write and talk this nonsense, so far as I know, have never raised their voice or their finger to advance the world. They are like the ancient philosophers. Read the Vedas; read Hammuribi of Babylon; read the philosophy of Egypt, Persia, and even Greece and Rome; then come down to the religious philosophy and history of the medieval ages. Yet none of the authors of these works did anything for humanity. It was not until printing came that humanity began to escape from these contemptible philosophers. They only wanted two classes, though in India they had four. Practically three of them were one, just like the rest; the great majority were mere serfs, like they have in Russia to-day.

VAN PERSON. Isn't there some exception to your broad statement?

Prof. HOX. Yes; and I am glad that you called my attention to it. There were the Hebrews—Israelites, later Jews. No wonder these people were called the chosen people. First their priests and wise men said as fine things as the rest. But more important than all was that they put their fine philosophy into practice. In those other circles it was, as I have said, the few holding high stations, and very wise; the many ignorant, and kept so century after century. In Israel it was different. Here the masses were elevated, and oftentimes the priests did not know any more than the laymen; and all were struggling to advance the world. Prof. Hilprecht goes to Babylon; sent by Kaiser William. He makes the wonderful (!) discovery that the Babylonians had everything that the Jews claim, even to the Sabbath; that the Jews simply took all they claim from Babylon. Men call themselves wise, and talk such nonsense! Where did we get the Sabbath? Whence came it? Not through any other nation but

Israel. Then to make the position of these wise (!) men more ridiculous these ancient nations that surrounded Israel did all in their power to exterminate her. Where would all be that we now get through this source—preserved in that wonderful book, the Bible—but for Israel? Yet such men as Ingersoll condemn the Bible. They never realize for what that book stands, what it represents. We certainly never should have had the Sabbath but for the Bible. If Babylon had it she did not bequeath it to us. She did all in her power, as did the rest, to exterminate the people who worshiped the one God, and did all in their power to elevate humanity. The humanity of the old Hebrew prophets lives to-day, and shall continue to live. Every day it blesses the world.

VAN PERSON. How about India? We do not read of any persecutions by her.

Prof. HOX. No, she and China were communities by themselves. Both of them were too philosophical to be great conquerors like Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the Medes and Persians, Greece and Rome. But these nations kept humanity down. To-day they are dominated over by the Western powers. Serves them right! But to come back to our starting point. If you wish to read the finest description of the world, creation, etc,, read the CIV Psalm. For my part, I care not how learned a man is if he is with these ancient nations referred to. I care not for their philosophy. I admit that it is fine. If you are in a chariot, strike not at the man on foot. Human? Yes. But the man who said this never lifted a finger to educate the masses and to cause them to advance to the higher plane.

VAN PERSON. I must go. I want to reach home to-night. I am glad to have met you gentlemen. We haven't had any time for stories. We'll attend to that next time I come to town, and I expect to come often now. Fitz, collect all you can; get some from Gen. Van Poole.

FITZGERALD. Van Poole go to grass! He doesn't know anything. You ought to see him at the club; he thinks himself so smart. When he thinks no one sees him he grabs all the cigars—fine ones, too, cost a quarter apiece. They tell me he in very attentive to Miss Bloodgood. Just think of the audacity of such a man trying to catch such a refined and intelligent woman as Miss Bloodgood!

VAN PERSON. I must be off. Good bye.

FITZGERALD. Van Person is a fine man, and, like the superior man he is, there's nothing airy about him. He is courteous to all, but not so to the tramp who wants money, saying he wants something to eat, but really for strong drink. He passes such by without ceremony. Next month Van Person is to be married.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. To whom?

FITZGERALD. To Miss Bloodgood.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. I didn't know that he was acquainted with her.

FITZGERALD. They have not known each other long; less than six months, I think; but that is long enough for two such persons to know each other.

JEDEDIAH MOONLIGHT. I, too, must go. When Ansel gets married we must present him with an old colonial cradle.

[Goes.]

PROF. HOX. While it is news to me that Van Person and Miss Bloodgood are to wed, I am not surprised. He is a fine man. Van Poole's ambition is ridiculous. I, too, must go.

FITZGERALD (alone). What a queer lot comes here! Yet I am always glad to have them look in on me. I am glad that Van Poole never learned the way here. Hold on a minute! Where are you going to-morrow to church? TO VAN P. who returns

VAN PERSON. To my church, where I generally go—to "Joe Bower's" church.

FITZGERALD. Where's that?

VAN PERSON. I can give you the best idea of it by reciting some short poems:

NATURE'S TEMPLE—BY GRAHAM.

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There's a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament; far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air,
Where not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
Where not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;
Silence his praise, his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.

This for morning service.

FITZGERALD. A sort of Quaker meeting.

VAN PERSON. Yes; Joe was a Quaker. Then there is the vesper service:

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;

E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous West—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robes the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Then, for the night service, the following is suggestive:

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea,
For every wave with dimpled cheek,
As it leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

FITZGERALD. Do you teach the immortality of the soul in your church?

VAN PERSON. Yes, and I wrote out seven statements that Joe and I agreed upon:

1. There is a hereafter or there is not.
2. If not, there ought to be.
3. This life; without a more complete one to follow it, would be a miserable failure.
4. The power which has made what we see here ought to be, and we believe is, able to make something more complete.
5. If there be a future existence for the beings of this life, it would seem that the higher existence here the higher the existence hereafter, and what is wanting and incomplete here shall be made good in the life which follows.
6. That the life to come is a life of progression and advancement beyond this.
7. That not only men will advance, but all created things must and will advance to higher and higher grades.

Some may object to this last statement, but it is in harmony with the spirit of the Psalms; indeed, they all are in harmony with that wonderful book. It says He, *i. e.*, God, "shall save both man and beast," and this is good authority.

FITZGERALD. I don't see as any one can find fault with what you have said. It is in harmony with Longfellow's "Sunrise on the Hills," last verse:

If thou art worn and hard beset,
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget.

If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hill! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

VAN PERSON. Yes, Joe will indorse that. But I must go. Good bye? Don't forget the wedding.

VOICE. A wedding is near,
When, for a season, two souls to each other shall be very dear.
Then a cloud shall arise
Which shall the world surprise.
Mephistopheles shall come,
And all sorts of infamy shall have its run.
He shall be very coy,
But he shall bring no joy.
Why should this be?
In it can the world no wisdom see?
But his reign shall be short,
And fall shall he, when the mischief is wrought.

The wedding; interior of a church; grand music. The bride and groom enter, she on his right; they take each other by the hand and go swinging along, as though they were all alone. Both are dressed in white. The bride, in addition, has a wide golden ribbon about her waist, with long purple ribbons hanging down behind; only one diamond pin at the throat. The groom with a simple Grand Army button on the lapel of his coat. They pass under an arch of white ribbons, held up by twelve young ladies. After the ceremony they pass out. Now the bride is on the left of the groom, arm in arm.

Mephistopheles, in the dress of General Van Poole, is among the company. He to himself swears vengeance; Miss Penelope Sullvan is by his side. "Thou shall yet be mine," he says to himself.

SCENE: At the Bloodgood mansion. The bride and groom enter; friends follow. All congratulate the newly married pair.

ELIZA. Agnes, that was the most lovely wedding I ever saw. If for no other reason than to be a party in so beautiful a ceremony, I'd consent to be married.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Why don't you?

ELIZA. I'm too old now. Then I want ever to be near Agnes. I could not bear the thought of being away from her.

MISS SULLVAN. Mrs. Van Person, it was a most beautiful wedding. If I am ever married I would like to have one like it.

FITZGERALD. Them's my sentiments. But I've been there once, but I don't care to go again, nor does Lizzie. But it was beauti-

ful, and long may we enjoy the friendship of these two persons who have now become man and wife. May nothing come in to mar their happiness.

VOICE. It will; it is destiny; and the agent, Mephistopheles, is here present, and will use the woman that is with him to rend these cords asunder. He shall triumph. But woe shall follow him to the end, and his triumph shall be of short duration. Twelve moons shall shine. The thirteenth cometh, and he shall depart in disgrace.

VAN PERSON. Good friends, on behalf of this dear woman, I thank you for your presence on this occasion.

SCENE: The Van Person Mansion.

VAN PERSON. Agnes, here is a letter from that woman, Miss Sullvan. Wonder what she means by writing to me thus? She implies that she and I were out together Friday night; that we went to the Canterbury; then had a supper together at the loud Wellington Café, all of which is a monstrous lie. I was at the Columbus Club; met there Gen. Van Poole, Mr. Fitzgerald, and others.

AGNES. I would not mind her. She is evidently a queer person. So don't let it worry you.

VAN PERSON. In one sense it don't, but I've seen so much of the world, been to theatres, seen plots that were full of infamy. There is some infamous power behind her. She, I think, is a fair sort of woman.

AGNES. Who do you think is the power behind her?

VAN PERSON. I don't know; but I'd bet my bottom dollar, as they used to say, that there is a man behind her. He wants to supplant me and win you.

AGNES. O don't get nervous over this! No man shall ever come in between you and me.

VAN PERSON. I pray not; but still I have fears.

AGNES. Let's say no more about it. I have no fears. Did I not at the altar swear to love and honor you to the last, "come will what may?" Bear in mind the sentiment engraved on the inside of this Masonic ring: "*Virtus junxit, mores non separabit.*" What virtue has joined together, death shall not separate. So I am, and shall ever be, your dear wife. Ansel, before we go any farther, I want to give you a present, and I do not want any refusal.

VAN PERSON. There shall be no refusal. I shall be like the politest man in France, who accepted everything and returned thanks.

AGNES. It is money. Guess how much?

VAN PERSON. O about $10,000.

AGNES. More. You have not guessed anywhere near.

VAN PERSON. I do not need any money; I have enough of my own for all my needs.

AGNES. That makes no difference. I am the giver; so take what I give, and give willingly. Multiply your guess by one hundred, and you will have it.

VAN PERSON. One million dollars! I shall not know what to do with so much money.

AGNES. Well, take it, to please me, if for nothing more. It is a love offering.

VAN PERSON. I accept it. I did not seek your hand for what there was in it. I trust that the name of money shall never come between us. Money is a good thing to have.

AGNES (smiling). You see people were talking: "She is going to marry a poor man." It shall not be so. You shall be rich.

VAN PERSON. Agnes, this is unexpected. It is however a most pleasant surprise. I can simply say I thank you.

VOICE. How frail sometimes is woman!
Mephistopheles over her face a veil does throw,
And though all is as white and pure as snow,
To her all appears black,
He is constantly on her track.

ELIZA *enters.*

ELIZA. Come, what keeps you up so late? You ought to have retired long ago.

AGNES. We got talking, and time has slipped away very fast; it's after eleven. Well, Ansel let's retire. I hope that you will have no unpleasant dreams.

Same scene. Nine months later.

VAN PERSON. Here is another letter from that Miss Sullvan, implying that I have written her when I have not.

AGNES. Did I not see an envelope on your desk addressed to her?

VAN PERSON. Yes, it is there now, and you can read what I have said. Up to this time I have not written her. In that envelope I return her last letter without comment. That is all.

AGNES. Why do that? It is far more cutting not to even do that.

VAN PERSON. Then the letter shall not be sent. I wish I knew who was the person back of her!

AGNES. My advice is, let the whole thing rest. Don't worry.

[She goes out.]

VAN PERSON. It is not over this Sullvan woman that I worry, but it is plain for me to see that of late Agnes has changed. It is evident that she believes that there is something in the persistent action of this woman.

Gen. Van Poole *enters, and* Agnes *returns.*

AGNES. How do you do, General? I hope you are quite well this evening.

Gen. VAN POOLE. I am in good health, thank you. You look charming this evening; in fact, I never saw you looking better. Married life evidently agrees with you.

AGNES (smiling). General, why did you not bring Miss Sullvan with you?

Gen. VAN POOLE. I was intending to, but she was not well; had one of her headaches.

AGNES. Sorry she could not come; she's such pleasant company, and I know that Ansel would have been happy to have had her call; he seems to enjoy her society so much. She writes him very pleasant letters, and they have quite a correspondence.

Gen. VAN POOLE. I shall get jealous. Penelope is a fine woman, and I love her much. Mr. Van Person, don't cut me out.

VAN PERSON. There is no fear of that. I have one woman to love and that is all I care for.

Gen. VAN POOLE. Yes, you have a dear, sweet woman. If you were not her husband I should be tempted to lay siege to her heart. But as I am an honorable gentleman, I should not for a moment think of such a thing.

AGNES (smiling). General, you flatter—just a little bit. But we all know that you are a gentleman.

VAN PERSON. [Aside: Sir, you are the knave who is pushing this Sullvan woman on! I've caught you. Then you are having an effect upon Agnes. Now when I attempt to caress her she repulses me. To Agnes:] I am not in love with any other woman than you. While I admit that Miss Sullvan is a very nice sort of woman, I cannot admit what has been implied. As I feel tired from my long tramp to-day I'll retire. Good night, General.

[Goes out, and is heard singing to himself:]

Good night, good night,
Now to all a kind good night.
Lo the moon from heaven is beaming,
O'er the silvery waters stealing,
'Tis the hour of calm delight,
Good night, good night, good night.

[Voice the while dying away.]

Gen. VAN POOLE. Agnes, Mr. Van Person seems to take the world easy. He has a happy disposition.

AGNES. On the surface, but I notice that when he is most troubled he sings most. While I cannot read his thoughts, I know the tenor of them. When he is down or feels low he sings some mournful strain, like the strains from "Come ye Disconsolate," or something like

that, or else "Il Trovatore" or "Norma." When he feels happy he sings or whistles some such tune as "The Sword of Bunker Hill" or "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, you are a keen observer. What a queer thing is his infatuation for my cousin Penelope! I think he likes the sound of her name.

AGNES. Well, it is a sweet name, and it was a sweet woman who, in old Grecian times, bore it.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Yes, it is sweet, but I do not think that it is as sweet a name as Agnes, which means chaste, pure. It is a fine thing to have the name and the person to so agree. It is a shame what an influence Penelope has over him! They were to the theatre last Tuesday night. I suppose you thought that he was at the lodge. The lodge is a very deceptive place to go. Many a man says to his wife, "Dear, I am going to the lodge, and shall not be home till late. Some important work; don't sit up for me." Then instead of going to the lodge, he goes off to some entertainment like the Canterbury, with some Penelope; after awhile they go to that low saloon kept by Spatter and have wine, etc.

AGNES. Yes, I have noticed that. Last Tuesday night he told me that he was going to the lodge, etc.

GEN. VAN POOLE. [Aside: All is working well. In six months, or less, there will be a divorce, and very soon thereafter a wedding. To Agnes:] Yes, Agnes, man as a rule is weak. He don't mean to be false to his vows, but some Penelope appears upon the scene and he goes wrong.

AGNES. It is too true. To think of all the fine words that are said, the vows that are made. It is enough to make one disgusted with the world! Where shall we find the really true man, true to his vows?

GEN. VAN POOLE. There are some—men like Sidney and Hale, but they are few.

AGNES. General, do you think that a woman is ever prejudiced in getting a divorce?

GEN. VAN POOLE. Certainly. Take your case for example. Suppose you should have that proof that Van Person is false to you. I think that you would be justified in freeing yourself from him. You are a very rich woman and it's a pity that you could not have got a man who would be true to you. I sometimes feel that your money was more of a temptation than affection for the woman.

AGNES. Sad it is to be deceived. It is breaking me all up.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Perhaps you may, later on, when the wound is healed, find some true man—one who loves you for yourself alone.

AGNES. I distrust them all. Present company, they say, is always excepted.

GEN. VAN POOLE. I trust so, Agnes. Before you married Van

Person I wanted you. It almost broke my heart when another slipped in between us. I would not do anything to separate you from Van Person; I am too much of a gentleman. But if things go on the way they are now going, it would not be long before you resume your old name.

AGNES. I fear the worst. I have been thinking of it for some time. What lawyer would you suggest?

GEN. VAN POOLE. Mr. Fitzgerald is the finest lawyer I know. I should go to him.

AGNES. I am so glad you called; I feel relieved. I shall take your advice; call often. By your kindness and sympathy you have won my heart; here is my hand.

[He takes it; kisses it; then glances up to her eyes with much feeling.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, you have healed the wound. I would that you would allow me to kiss you.

AGNES. You may, General. I need your sympathy.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, I must go. One more kiss!

AGNES. Call often, won't you?

GEN. VAN POOLE. Certainly. [Aside: How well it works! I all the while felt I'd get there.] Good night. I won't sing a song.

SCENE: Next morning; same place.

AGNES. Mr. Van Person, the hour has come and we must part. I cannot stand this deception any longer. I shall see a lawyer and have him institute a divorce.

VAN PERSON. Well, Agnes, you remember my fears. You made very light of them. I all the while felt that there was a man back of Miss Sullvan.

AGNES. Why don't you call her Penelope?

VAN PERSON. I never took that freedom with her. I now know the man that is behind all this. It is Gen. Van Poole.

AGNES. So you were listening to our talk last night? You pretended to be tired, so went to bed and made a jack of yourself by singing the good night song.

VAN PERSON. You surprise me. I never played eavesdropper in my life, though most men in my place last night would have done so. But I had faith in you; I trusted you. I never feared to leave you alone in the company of any man, even with one of all the reputed charms of Mephistopheles.

AGNES (sharply). Do you mean to imply that an honorable man like Gen. Van Poole is a Mephistopheles, a man who was a general, while you were never anything but a private. As a general ranks a private so Gen. Van Poole ranks the Private Van Person.

VAN PERSON. Agnes, you surprise me still more. But I shall have no words with you. You believe me false. I am true! Me-

phistopheles may rule for a night, but my joy cometh in the morning. So we must part, and I must leave you and our dear little Elsie.

AGNES. If you had had any respect for yourself this would not have come to pass. I regret it exceedingly, but I hope that after awhile I shall get a true man, the man who has been my friend and is now my dear friend and wise counsellor.

VAN PERSON. Agnes, that means that the man Van Poole shall come in and take my place. I have only pity for you.

AGNES. Don't waste any pity on me; keep it all for yourself. Now go. Do you hear me? Go!

VAN PERSON. Allow me to linger a few minutes and caress Elsie. Awhile ago you said: "The hour has come when we must part."

AGNES. I did.

VAN PERSON (singing):

The hour has come, and we must part,
Adieu, adieu!
The hour has come, and we must part,
O, sister, hold me in thy heart,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

Though far on distant oceans driven,
Adieu, adieu!
Though far on distant oceans driven,
Present me in thy prayers to heaven,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

And if on earth we meet no more,
Adieu, adieu!
And if on earth we meet no more,
Then meet me when life's voyage is o'er,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

May peace and hope with thee remain,
Adieu, adieu!
May peace and hope with thee remain,
Till we unchanged do meet again,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

AGNES. I wish you'd go!

VAN PERSON. Spare me a moment longer. Though on this brink of fate, I must linger—

I fain would spend life's weary hours with thee, my friend,
But not in affection's fairy bowers are we to spend
Our precious lives, these heaven-born powers that soon must end.

Along thy pathway may sweet flowers their fragrance lend,
And, O, when the gloomy tempest lowers,
On God depend.
He'll help thee in thy darkest hours and be thy friend!

AGNES. As you like to sing so well, let me, too, sing a verse:

Go, vile deceit, you no more shall live with me,
Go, vile deceit, you and I shall never more agree;
For I shall faithful pray to be, in all I do or say,
And always speak and act the honest truth,
Whether at work or play.
Vile deceit with me shall never stay,
Vile deceit can never be happy and gay.

Now go! [Advances towards her, as though he would embrace and kiss, but she repels him with her hands and tongue.] Go! Go! Go!

[Van Person goes out, singing "Katy Darling." Voice dying away as he goes]:

Did they tell you that I was false,
Katy darling?
That my love for thee had e'er grown cold—
They know not the love of Erin's son—
When a love like to thine Katy, darling,
Is the goal to which the race that he runs.
Will you never more hear me,
Katy darling?
The loved birds are singing from each tree?
And the wild flowers greet me, Katy darling.

[Song dies away.]

Gen. Van Poole *enters.*

AGNES. I am so glad to see you, General, for I need sympathy in this hour of distress. I suppose you heard that man's voice, singing "Katy Darling," as though it was appropriate. Then; first he sang his adieu song, recited a poem. I told him to go, and I wished for you, or some strong man, to put him out. I thought of calling John. He just was heavy on my patience. I bore with him though. I really pitied him; he looked so forlorn. But I am glad that it is over. I shall see Mr. Fitzgerald to-morrow. Tell Miss Sullvan to call. We'll take a ride; I need a little diversion.

Gen. VAN POOLE. It is a most beautiful day. Don't forget the engagement. Give me the size of your ring. I want to get a wedding ring for you. It shall be plain—like the man who gives it.

AGNES. All right, General. Here is the size. [Handing him her ring, the one Ansel had given her.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, this is a common looking ring.

AGNES. A common man gave it to me. To think that I should have been so foolish as to marry a man on so slight an acquaintance—a mere drummer! Why could not I have met you first?

GEN. VAN POOLE. It's all past now, Agnes, and we must make the best of it. You can give this ring to some of your men servants. You shall have a fine one. How would a diamond do in it, or a ruby?

AGNES. I should like a ruby. There is a warmth about it.

GEN. VAN POOLE. You shall have it. Now appoint the happy wedding day; say some time next month.

AGNES. I should hardly want to be married before the divorce is granted; it will start people talking.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Bother the people! What is our happiness to them?

AGNES. Let it be as you like; say the 16th of next month. How will that suit you?

GEN. VAN POOLE. Very well; I'll be ready. But we don't want any foolish Van Person affair. What a ridiculous wedding it was! You ought to have heard the remarks and the sarcasm I heard.

AGNES. Yes, as I see it now it was foolish; but I am wiser now. Come to see me every evening; we'll play checkers, dominoes and cards together. Come alone; you know the old saying, "Two's a company, three's a crowd."

GEN. VAN POOLE. Yes, lovers like to be alone. By the way, Agnes, how about a dowery? I am poor. For so rich a woman as you to marry a poor man will start them to talking.

AGNES. I am glad that you mentioned it. How much would you like?

GEN. VAN POOLE. O a million will answer me. Then you will not marry a poor man.

AGNES. All right; you shall have it, with my best wishes and sweetest love. When you call to-morrow I shall have it. I'll go right off to Mr. Fitzgerald's office and get him to make the transfer. I am so glad that you spoke about it.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Good bye, Agnes, until this evening, when I shall call again, and we'll have some games and music. Good bye.

[He goes, and ELIZA enters.]

ELIZA. Agnes, is there anything I can do for you?

AGNES. You can send that portrait of Mr. Van Person off—somewhere, I don't care where.

ELIZA. I would suggest that you send it to Mr. Fitzgerald; he's an old friend of Ansel's.

AGNES. Eliza, don't ever let me hear you speak again of Mr. Van Person as Ansel. To think that I should have married a man so weak! I am ashamed of myself.

[Goes out.]

ELIZA. Too bad! Too bad! To turn so fine a man out of doors, and accept such a knave! It is easy for me to see who was the power behind Miss Sullvan. Ansel never had any more to do with that woman than I. Well, I shall pick up what things of his I can, and stow them away in the attic. Perhaps some fine day, or in the dark hours of the night, she may come to herself and realize the enormity of this act. I despise this newcomer. But for Agnes's sake I'd not even be civil to him. He's a knave! How sweetly he always says *Agnes!* Bah! I suppose he'll be here tonight and stay till near midnight. There will be wine, beer, and perhaps champagne, and this house turned into a saloon. It's enough to make the angels weep. Dear little Elsie will miss him—miss his rocking her to sleep, his lullabys. What a lot of songs he knows! I must be about my work.

[ELIZA sings an old love song]:

Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true love,
Say, say, wilt thou be mine?
Thou knowest that I adore thee;
Wilt thou then be mine?

Repeats:

La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la.

If Arthur had only loved me, as I loved him, how happy we might have been! But he would not. He was attracted by a butterfly, married her, and she brought him down to her own level. I saw him a few times after they were married, a year or two, and then I would not have married him any more than I would now marry Van Poole. For some months I mourned over it, but it's all over now; in fact, I soon got over it. It was my only love affair. Other thoughts that are tender and true now come, and I am happy. But I wish that I could remember all of that song. I only heard it sung; never saw it in print. But I know another:

Remember me not as a lover,
Whose hopes have been crossed,
Whose bosom may never recover
The light it has lost.
As a young bride remembers her mother,
Whom she loves but never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
So dearest remember me.

These songs of our adolescent days may be foolish, but there is no harm in them. We have burned holy fires at the altar of our hearts, we have passed under the mistletoe, and even under the rod; but it availeth not.

[Breaks out in another song]:

Joys that we've tasted,
May sometimes return,
But the torch when once wasted,
O how can it burn?

These were the kind of love songs they used to sing in my day, and I think about as fine as anything they sing now.

SCENE: The same. Evening. Gen. VAN POOLE and Mrs. VAN PERSON.

AGNES. For the first thing on the program, suppose we have some music.

[They play and sing]:

THE PEARL FOR ME.

The world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me,
'Twill dim its lustre in the wave,
'Twill moulten in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
The sinking world 'twill save,
Oh! that's the pearl for me.
Oh! that's the pearl for me.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me,
To weeping it will turn ere long,

[At the singing of this line AGNES shuddered.]

For this is heaven's decree,
But there's a song the ransom'd sing,
To Jehovah their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue.
Oh! that's the song for me.
Oh! that's the song for me.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, I saw you shudder just now. Suppose we have a little wine. I suppose you have some?

AGNES. Yes, but we seldom use it. Mr. Van Person was a very temperate man.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Was he a Rechabite?

AGNES. No, but he was temperate.

[Wine is brought in and they both drink.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. AGNES, let's have a game of checkers.

[They play; AGNES beats.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. I have better luck with dominoes.

AGNES. Eliza! Eliza! [Eliza comes.] Eliza, bring the dominoes.

[They are brought. They play; AGNES beats.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Wonder what is the matter with my luck? It seems to be turning.

[VOICE. It shall soon begin to turn, and keep on turning, until it turns you out of this house.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, suppose we try cards.

[They play. AGNES again wins.]

GEN. VAN POOLE (aside). Confound my luck!

[VOICE. So be it!]

GEN. VAN POOLE. Well, let's have another drink. Then we'll have more music, though my voice don't seem to be in good order to-night.

[They sing and play]:

THE PILOT.

Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cries, Go down!
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Prov-i-dence,
Where'er thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulphed
My father's form;
My only brother's boat went down,
In just so wild a storm.
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Prov-i-dence,
Where'er thou may'st be.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, let's have another drink of that fine wine. If Mr. Van Person was not a user of liquors, he was certainly a fine judge of them. Another drink! Then, as a final, we sing some patriotic song.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

Over the mountain wave,
See where they come;
Storm cloud and wintry wind,
Welcome them home;
Yet when the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along,
Deep toned and free.

Chorus—Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home!

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom;
Scotia hath heather hills,
Sweet their perfume;
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land,
Home far away!
Chorus—Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song,
Hear it sweep,
Clear and deep,
Ever along.
Chorus—Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Not theirs the glory wreath,
Torn by the blast;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they pass!
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along,
Ever the same!
Chorus—Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Agnes, that's fine. I wish my voice was in better order to-night. Isn't it getting late? We had better stop, and I'll go home. My old Aunt Mary used to say, "It's time all honest folks were at home and rogues on their journey."

[AGNES tries to get up; it is difficult.]

AGNES. Gen-e-ral—I've—I've—I've—had—had—a—a—splendid time! Never had such a time in my life! It's glorious! Glad you came. Come again—and again! [The General is going.] Come again, General.

GEN. VAN POOLE (aside). She's drunk!

[ELIZA enters and hears the rest of AGNES's remarks. She says to herself: A splendid time! A bacchanalian time! No such rowdyism

here when our dear Ansel was master of the house. What has come over the spirit of this sweet woman?]

AGNES. Eliza, I wish you—d help me u—p. I am not used to drinking wine, and I suppose it's affected me a little. But I've had a glorious time! The General is such a good companion. Just think of the months I wasted with that other man! But the good time has come, if it were long on the way. Did you send the picture off?

ELIZA. Yes; it is gone.

AGNES. Never to come back.

[ELIZA helps AGNES out.]

[Servant comes in to clean up.]

MAY (servant). What a sight! It don't seem at all like the Bloodgood mansion of old. Suppose Agnes's parents—good old Quaker stock—suppose they could look in here now and hear the story that I could tell them! It makes one shudder to think of it. Then to think that this must be repeated every night, for a month at least! What shall follow, God only knows. To exchange Mr. Van Person for this low fellow! If I were a man I could just swear; I'd say dam! O that some good spirit would remove this dark veil from Mrs. Van Person's eyes! Too bad! Too bad!

[Goes out.]

SCENE: Fitzgerald's office. Mrs. VAN PERSON *enters.*

AGNES. Good morning, Mr. Fitzgerald. I've come to see you on important business. I want a divorce from that weak husband of mine.

FITZGERALD. On what ground?

AGNES. For criminal intimacy with that Miss Sullvan.

FITZGERALD [Aside: Too bad! Such a man as Ansel to give way to this knave]. As an attorney, I am at your service.

AGNES. Well, progress quickly, I want my case put through as soon as possible. So *you* have that portrait of Mr. Van Person?

FITZGERALD. Yes, Miss Eliza sent it here, so I hung it up there.

AGNES. I am glad it's out of my sight. And when I come in here I wish you'd hang something over it, or turn it to the wall. Who would have thought that Mr. Van Person would have been so weak!

FITZGERALD [Aside: It is you that is weak]. Mrs. Van Person, I shall take up your case as soon as possible—even start on it to-day.

AGNES. Here is five hundred dollars for you as a preliminary. Now hurry up the case.

FITZGERALD. I shall do as you say, Mrs. Van Person.

AGNES. Don't call me by that hateful name again! I hate it; and am sorry that I ever assumed it.

FITZGERALD. Will you take back the name of Blooodgood?

AGNES. Yes, for a few weeks; then I expect to take a more

honored name—a more mature man. Mr. Van Person was simply weak. Had he had more character back of him I should not now be here applying for a divorce.

FITZGERALD. I have known Ansel for many years, and a more manly man I never knew.

AGNES. That may all be; you only saw one side of him. But I must go. I have to meet the General and Miss Sullvan by half-past ten.

[She goes.]

FITZGERALD. What a sad comment upon human nature!

PROF. HOX and JED MOONLIGHT *enter*.

FITZGERALD. Mrs. Van Person has just left. She wants a divorce from Van Person.

PROF. HOX. On what ground? It would not seem that there could be any ground for so absurd an act.

JED MOONLIGHT. Well, I be hanged! Who would have thunk it! Such a woman as Mrs. Van Person putting in a petition for divorce from such a man as Ansel Van Person! O ye gods, what next?

FITZGERALD. The next is the divorce, and that in very short order, to be followed by a wedding between Mrs. Van Person and that knave Van Poole—or better Pool—a pool of badness.

BOTH (the PROFESSOR and MOONLIGHT). That's simply awful! Where's Ansel?

FITZGERALD. I don't know. He's left the house; ordered out, and to take all his belongings. This morning early his portrait, painted by Lewin, was sent here. Where Ansel is I don't know—but I guess down on that farm, by the sea, where he used to go.

PROF. HOX. I am indignant. About a month ago this Van Poole went out to Chicago, and I happened to be there, too. My friend took me out to the Medicine Lodge Club. Who should turn up but Van Poole. They got to telling stories, and he lead.

JED MOONLIGHT. You don't say! I never heard him tell a good story in my life, and I have known him for a long time. Such stories as I've heard him tell no gentleman would tell, even in a forecastle.

PROF. HOX. He told many, but they were all Ansel's.

FITZGERALD. When I've been to the Club and heard Ansel tell his stories, Van Poole sat there as though he was bored; not a smile. So it seems that he remembered them?

PROF. HOX. Yes; and they thought him fine. But when we were going home I told my friend all about it. I also told him if they wanted to hear good, pointed stories, invite Ansel, or come here to our Club. My friend said that he'd expose the knave.

FITZGERALD. I suppose we'll all receive wedding cards.

PROF. HOX and JED MOONLIGHT. Bosh! I would not be seen

at such a wedding. So Mrs. Van Person thinks Ansel weak? It is she that is weak, and some day I hope she'll get her eyes open. Too bad! It must break Ansel all up.

FITZGERALD. He may be, but he has such a command over himself that one would never dream that he was on such a lee shore, and that, too, in the face of a northeast gale. He's just as ready with a story as ever. He has the faculty to always see the humorous side of life. When he came in here after being dismissed from his home he remarked—if it was not so serious he would have laughed in his wife's face when she ordered him out of the house in such dramatic style—that he'd like to have had a kodak and got a few snapshots at her. I came near forgetting something. Ansel requested me to turn over that money—the million that his wife gave him. He had, with her consent, spent a few thousands of the dividends for a small colored church; otherwise the fortune was intact. He requested me to return it; I have done so.

Prof. HOX. It's good to have such balance of powers. On the the surface the winter ice may be very smooth. Were you ever upon a country pond of a winter's day, when the pond was all frozen? The sun heats up the waters underneath; the air expands; there being no vent holes, the ice cracks in all directions. By the sounds underneath you'd think that they came from the doomed spirits there confined. But when the glad spring comes the ice is melted; the waters again flow gladly to the sea. So shall it be with Ansel; and then Mrs. Van Person will be so ashamed of herself that she will keep in doors during the day. O the knave! Such as he ought to be exported to some criminal colony. I learn from Eliza that this simple woman gave this knave a million, and seemed glad that he asked her for it.

JED MOONLIGHT. Did the tramp have the audacity to ask her for a million?

Prof. HOX. Yes, and got it, too, and got it so easy that he was overheard to say he wished he'd have asked for two!

FITZGERALD. The storm is upon us—rather upon our friend. He will not oppose the divorce nor the marriage. He will resume his active business; perhaps go around the country as a drummer. He's a capital drummer; has such keen perception, and is so good a judge of human nature—so full of stories; good ones, too. To think that I have such a disreputable case upon my hands—one in which there is no incentive to accomplish something good—but it's all professional. If I did not undertake it others would, so by refusing it I would not defeat such a scheme. But I am convinced that the storm will not be of long duration. Among Ansel's books I find this old song book, printed in 1848. Here is where he gets all those fine old songs in the "Young Minstrel." Suppose we sing "Trust in God"—most applicable for this occasion. Jed, you can play the

guitar, and here is the one that Ansel loved so well to play upon. Look over the music.

[They sing]:

When along the stormy ocean,
Rush the winds in wild commotion,
And the heavy billows swell,
Still the eye that knows no slumber,
Marks the waves and has their number.
He will guard his children well,
He will guard his children well.

Now in dusk and gloom appearing,
Lo! the dreadful ice-mount nearing,
And destruction rules the night;
Still a father's hand is guiding,
And amid the danger riding.
Hail we safe the morning light,
Hail we safe the morning light.

When red lightnings thick are falling,
So when cloud to cloud is calling,
With a trumpet toned on high;
Tho' in fear our hearts may waver,
In storms of life still ever,
We've a helper strong on high,
We've a helper strong on high.

FITZGERALD. Good! I wish Ansel were here.

PROF. HOX. I must go. I agreed to meet my wife down street.

JED MOONLIGHT. I too must go. I have no arrangement to meet any one, but I must be off.

FITZGERALD. Good bye. I'm at home and wish you were—both of you. Don't be insulted. This is one of those things that is better than it sounds.

JED MOONLIGHT. I live down by der ribber. If you ever come that way drop in; not into the river but into my snug little home, and see my dear wife and the little ones. Good bye, Fitz. I wish you could defeat the rascal; but his doom is not far off, I'm thinking.

FITZGERALD. Good bye to you both.

VOICE. Mephistopheles' doom is near at hand,
Then he can try some other land.
He only comes to inspire hate;
But our friend Ansel can afford to wait.
He and his imp must go,
For them there should be no show.

SCENE: The Van Poole mansion. Time late; past eleven. Van Poole enters; drunk; can hardly walk. Takes off his coat; throws it on the floor.

GEN. VAN POOLE. I can just whallop any man about this house, or any other house. You huzzy [addressing Agnes], here, you get me my slippers!

AGNES. You have them. I laid them on the lounge myself.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Go to grass, you vile huzzy! Those ain't my slippers. [Throws them across the room.] Now you little impess. just get my slippers!

AGNES (picks up the slippers.) Hear they are, dear.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Don't *dear* me, you old huzzy! If you don't get me my slippers mighty quick I'll come for you!

[He tries to take hold of her; she runs around the table; for awhile keeps clear of him; but after a few minutes he catches her. She calls for help. "Help! Help! Eliza! Eliza! Hurry! Hurry!" ELIZA rushes in and takes in the situation. Ansel had given Eliza some lessons on self-defense. Freeing herself, she hits him a vigorous blow below the belt; for a moment he is stunned. "You huzzy! How dare you to thus hit your lord and master! I'll get even with you! I'll horsewhip you!" MARY rushes in. Van Poole tries again to catch Agnes, who runs around the table.]

GEN. VAN POOLE. You're a good runner, but if I had my own slippers on I'd catch ye! Then I'd take them other slippers and spank you good.

ELIZA. Not to-night, General.

GEN. VAN POOLE. Three against one? I'll get even withyou yet!

ELIZA. Mary, run out quick and get John!

GEN. VAN POOLE. If he comes in here I'll kill him!

AGNES. I guess not to-night.

GEN. VAN POOLE. You vile huzzy! [Catches her.]

[ELIZA grabs up the afghan from off the lounge and throws it over his head, and pulls him down. At this point JOHN appears and takes hold of Van Poole.]

JOHN. You no longer are dealing with women, you cowardly cuss!

[Catches him by the throat; with one hand holds him, and with the other hits him in the eye.]

ELIZA. I guess his eyes will be black and blue by to-morrow, if not sooner. Mary, run out and call the police; take along the alarm whistle.

[MARY does so. In a few moments a Policeman appears. He sizes up the situation and takes out a pair of handcuffs, and is about to apply them.]

AGNES. There is no use of further roughness. He's overpowered; take him out.

POLICEMAN. To the station?

AGNES. No, I would not do that. Get a cab on the street, and take him home.

[The Policeman goes out with Van Poole, and John goes with them. In a few moments the Policeman returns.]

POLICEMAN. I found a cab on the corner, and John has taken Gen. Van Poole to the old house where he lives. I told John if he could not get him in there to take him to the station for the night, and that I'd soon be there and explain matters to the chief.

[After awhile JOHN reappears.]

POLICEMAN. Did you take him home?

JOHN. Yes; but it being so late, I could arouse no one, so I took him to the station, and told the chief that you'd soon be round and explain.

AGNES. I am glad that we got rid of him as soon so we did. Mr. Policeman, we are glad that you were so near.

POLICEMAN. Fortunately I was just at the corner. I heard the whistle and responded. I thought that I would return to see if there was anything more to do.

AGNES. Nothing more to-night. I thank you for responding so quickly. It's the worst experience I ever had. I am sick and ashamed—ashamed that I drove one of the best men God ever made out of this house, and took in such a vile, low fellow. I trust that there shall be no public report of this affair.

POLICEMAN. Certainly not, Madam. So good night.

[Goes out.]

AGNES. Let's all retire. What a night! What an experience!

[Breaks down, and is led out by ELIZA and MARY. In a few minutes ELIZA returns.]

ELIZA. Yes; what an experience! If it were not so sad a matter, I should say that it served her right. To drive out such a man as Ansel Van Person was and take in such a vile fellow as this General! Bah! O that Ansel were here to console the woman that has thus wronged him! Poor soul! Wonder where he is to-night? All brought about by that female agent of this vile Van Poole! I don't believe he has any right to that prefix Van, for it was a title of nobility in Holland. I think that he only assumed it. Then he played the part of the aristocrat! A more common, low fellow I never saw. Now we shall have a most worthy divorce. I'll go and see how Agnes is. I don't believe she'll sleep much to-night. May the comforter come—may Ansel soon return! I took her letter to Mr. Fitzgerald to-day. The dear soul, with tears in her eyes, read it to me. She asked Mr. Fitzgerald to inform her when Ansel would leave London for America, as she wished to be on the lookout for him. Mr. Fitzgerald wrote her that Ansel would sail on the steamer Hellig Olav, of the Norwegian Line, which would be due in New York the latter part of next week. She is so happy to think that he is coming. Then we shall see and feel—

The joys that we've tested
May sometimes return,
And return to stay.

VOICE. Ansel is on the great deep,
And the great spirit doth him keep;
And not far distant, but soon,
Ere another moon,
He shall see his real wife,
And there shall be no more strife,
And Elsie, his dear little child,
Once more shall feel his presence mild;
Heaviness shall endure for awhile;
But joy cometh with the morning,
Then we shall find our hero the gods adoring.

SCENE: The old house and room.

AGNES. I have been to Mr. Fitzgerald's office and I learn that Ansel will soon be home. He comes by the Norwegan line, because it is a cool route, I suppose, and at this time of year they often see icebergs. I shall call again to-day.

ELIZA. He can't come too quick. We have all so missed him. Little Elsie, she evidently has missed her papa. How'd I like to see her again spring in his arms and he singing the old nursery songs! What a lot of songs he knows!

AGNES. Yes, we shall all be so happy to see him again, only I feel ashamed to meet him.

ELIZA. Don't worry. He won't ever refer to the past.

AGNES. I don't think he will; indeed I know he won't. But that don't interfere with my feelings—feelings that I cannot help. How many times have I said to myself, "Foolish woman! It serves you right!"

SCENE: Same place; two days after.

ELIZA. Any news?

AGNES. Yes; the steamer is due to-morrow, late in the afternoon. She has been reported off the coast.

SCENE: Second day after.

VOICE [sings]:

Joys that we've tasted
May sometimes return—
The splendors that were clouded,
No longer are shrouded,
There is now a light in the window for thee, my lover.
No longer does the darkness hover—
When next Ansel and Agnes meet,
Two hearts together shall beat.

AGNES. A supreme joy overtaketh me. I went with the carriage for Ansel, but as the boat was very late (past ten o'clock), I thought it prudent to return. But then I'd by far rather greet him here, in our own home, than at a steamship landing.

[Ansel enters; she springs to his arms; there is no power of speech in either; for some minutes all is silent.]

AGNES. O Ansel, forgive me! I have been a most foolish woman. Ever since I drove you out your face has haunted me.

ANSEL. Let's be seated; say nothing about the past. As Longfellow says:

Let the past dead bury its dead.

I always tried to make this home pleasant. As I was in the past, so shall I be in the future. But where is Elsie?

AGNES. She's not up yet. For a long time the dear little thing missed you. She was uneasy. It took a long time to get her to sleep.

ANSEL. So you have my picture here—and yours beside it. That's good!

AGNES. Yes. When I went to Fitzgerald's to see about the divorce I saw your picture on his wall. When I awoke from that horrible nightmare I asked Mr. Fitzgerald if he would let me have it. The request pleased him much. Then I decided to have Mr. Lewin paint mine as a companion one. There was much pleasure in gazing at your picture. I'd bring little Elsie, and she soon got to calling it papa.

ANSEL. Let's see, she fully a year and a half old now.

AGNES. Yes; she trots around, plays with her toys, and, like you, she loves pets. She and the cat get along finely together. But while I know that it is most unpleasant and humiliating to me, I want to tell you of all that has happened since I began that foolish, wicked move. The night that Mr. Van Poole called and you went off to bed, you remember? It seemed like a small act, yet I have often thought what faith you had in me to leave me alone with that man, your worst enemy; the man who all the while was trying to supplant you, using a woman for his agent. That night we played checkers; I beat him; in fact, I skunked him; he got no king. Then we had a chat, one which at the time I thought was very pleasant. He stayed late. When he got up to go he kissed my hand; then asked if he might kiss me. I consented. [Shivers.] Yes, I shiver to think of it. He kissed me, and that was the only time I received a kiss from him.

ANSEL. One would think that a man would want to kiss his bride—and to kiss her whenever they parted.

AGNES. He was not like you. He only kissed me twice, and that on the same night, and that makes me shudder. You have kissed me a thousand times, and all are remembered with pleasure. From first to last he never noticed Elsie; he cared for no one but himself. Then

what a marked difference between you and he as to money matters! You never asked me for money, and was loath to take it when offered, and returned it. He, even before the wedding, had the coolness and impudence to ask me for $1,000,000, and fool that I was, I joyfully gave it to him. O, I was so angry with you! But in a few days it was centered upon myself. I said nothing, but I was angry when I thought what I had done. You see I still wear your rings. Had I at first thought about them I should have thrown them away, but somehow mechanically I took them off at night and put them on again in the morning. But before a month had passed I would not have parted with them; they were a most pleasant reminder of you. Then there was the beautiful motto.

ANSEL. How came you to rid yourself of that fellow?

AGNES. It was dramatic; but since I have often laughed over the scene. He came home drunk; abused me; called for his slippers; I thought he had them. He threw them across the room; said they were not his; called me a huzzy. When I came to see the slippers they were yours; they were not large enough for him. How fortunate it was that I did not know that they were your slippers! Had I, I would have thrown them in the fire; but after this affair I would not part with them. He chased me about the room; I ran around the table. I have often wished that there was some artist about to have taken me as I appeared running around this table. Finally he caught hold of me; Eliza and Mary came; later they called a policeman. He came; John came. Eliza did a cute thing.

ANSEL. What's that?

AGNES. She threw that afghan over his head and pulled him down. He was down and John on top of him when the policeman came. He took him away, and that was the last I saw of him. The next morning he came; I would not see him. He had a letter all written, and it was finely written. He was very humble and very penitent; begged to be taken back; but I was firm. I would have nothing more to do with him.

ANSEL. Where is he now?

AGNES. In jail, I guess; was there the last I heard of him.

ANSEL. How's that?

AGNES. He stole my diamonds; gave them to that woman. On my money they went to Europe. I had missed the diamonds, so when he returned I had him arrested, and he is now in jail, where he ought to be! To think that I was intimate with such a man! It makes me indignant. There are not enough adjectives in the language to express my indignation.

ANSEL. That reminds me of a story. Some colored boys were together. The rest were united against the one. They called him all the vile names of which they could think—"Damn fool! Damn liar!" etc. Then he turned on them, and said, "All dem things you

say I is you is dem!" That silenced them. Well, I've heard enough now of the unpleasant, let's talk about the pleasant.

AGNES. As we were divorced, I suppose that we should again be married, or remarried.

ANSEL. No; I do not recognize that we were ever divorced. I shall have no other ceremony; one is enough.

AGNES. For my sake allow it; not that I see any need of it, but it was so fine I want to go through with it again.

[ELIZA enters.]

ELIZA. By all means, Mr. Van Person, by all means. It was the most charming affair I ever saw.

[Goes out.]

ANSEL. Then so be it; make the arrangements and invite the friends. There is one feature I would add. I'd like some friend, say Fitzgerald, dressed in old Colonial style, with a large cane, like Old Knickerbocker, to lead the way. By the way, Agnes, it amuses me to see how interested Eliza is in our domestic affairs. She don't seem very romantic, yet she is; and I would not be surprised if she had some love affair when she was young.

AGNES. If you heard her sing the love songs that I have heard her sing you would be confirmed in your opinion—

> Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
> Say, say, wilt thou love, etc.

Then there is another song, or rather poem, that is often upon her lips. I can only recall two lines of it—lines that reveal the yearnings of the soul:

Thou art a bird, my soul,
Thou lovest to dwell upon the ground, though heaven is thy goal.

I wish you could have been there that night and seen her throw the afghan over Mr. Van Poole's head, and pull him down. It was comical, indeed.

ANSEL. Why say "Mr." Van Poole? Why not call him *general* [smiling]?

AGNES. General! He was never more of a general than I. He's too cowardly for a soldier.

SCENE: Fitzgerald's office.

FITZGERALD. Ansel, I am mighty glad to see you back and once more in the old house. The beast is caged. That divorce of your wife was most unpleasant; but the second divorce gave me much pleasure. Prof. Hox and Jed were in, and they, too, are happy at the new turn of affairs.

ANSEL. So there was a second divorce? Agnes did not tell me about it; but then she had so much else to tell. Then I don't sup-

pose it would have been pleasant for her. Now that I've been through with it, I am not sorry that it took place; that is, if you will understand me. I am not sorry for the experience, and I think that it will bind two souls more closely together. I wanted to see you, for I have seen the portraits. Thank you for keeping mine. But I must hurry back, to see them all—Agnes, little Elsie and the faithful Eliza. So good bye. I'll be around again soon.

SCENE: Old room.

AGNES. Here are your slippers. When we review things in retrospect, while we see the dark side, the sorrowful and provoking side, we cannot but see the humorous. I now again see that drunken man throwing these slippers across the room. That was the turning point. We had for some time, as the sailors say, been on the lee shore. I don't know much about such things, so don't fully appreciate the saying.

ANSEL. Suppose we go to ride this afternoon and call on Miss Sullvan.

AGNES. For pity sake, don't ever refer to that woman again!

ANSEL. It was only a little of my humor. I never called on her, nor ever shall.

AGNES. I know it. I won't be angry with your humor. Personally, she was not a bad woman. She came to see me, and was most penitent—begged my pardon. She returned the diamonds; I saw that she was in poverty, so I gave her $1,000. She's gone West, somewhere; when she got settled she said she'd write me.

ANSEL. Yes; we agree in this as in other things. She was simply the tool of an unprincipled man. Well, let's go to ride. One night when I was on the ocean I could not sleep. I got up and stood by the port. It was cloudy and the full moon had just emerged from a cloud. Mechanically I began to sing a part of the two verses of the XXth Psalm:

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob defend thee. * * * Grant thee thy heart's desire and fulfill all thy mind.

I repeated this over a number of times before I was conscious of what I was saying. Then I laid down and slept well till morning, and the while dreamed of you and our little Elsie.

AGNES. That was indeed a pretty dream. After that scene that I have told you about I often dreamed of you, and when I awoke my eyes were wet with tears. In my sleep I had been crying. Now that it is all over I am not sorry for the sad and humiliating experience.

ANSEL. Well, let's go to ride.

AGNES. There is one thing more. To-night I want you to get some peanuts and put peanut earrings on my ears, as you used to do.

VOICE.

All is over. Like Job, the true man is the victor.
No longer is there a Nestor—
The name of the God of Jacob hath him defended,
No longer shall his soul be rended.
O, Lord, grant him his heart's desire,
Continue unto him thy holy fire,
His soul ever inspire,
That his love may ever burn,
His spirit ever turn
To thee—to his home and dear ones.
And when the last hour comes
May Ansel and Agnes into thy kingdom come
After their life here on earth is done.

ISAAC PITMAN NOYES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 1, 1906.

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